To Miss Georgette De Wolf.

Slip Your Glad Rags On And Come With Me!

Words by
HARRY B. LESTER & BILLY CLARK.

Music by
HARRY ARMSTRONG.

Moderato.

Piano.

Not too fast.

Look here, Hen-ry Dar-ba-co, what makes you fret and pout? Why
Listen here now, Hen-ry, I'm not talk-ing to my self, I
don't you slip your glad rags on, And take your la-dy out? "Cause

gave those clothes to you to wear, Don't keep them on the shelf; If

Copyright MCMX by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
this is East-er Sun-day, man, a day of hap-pi-ness,
you're so dog-gone la-z-y, that you can't tog up a bit,
I

come on Hen-ry dar-ling, let us tog up like the rest.
We'll
know an-oth-er fel-low that those clothes are going to fit.
You're

get a great big mo-tor car, and oth-er things we need,
And
not the on-ly cher-ry that's a grow-ing on the tree,
There's

show the folks a-round this town that we have lots of speed.
lots of oth-er beaux in town to take your place with me.
So,
CHORUS. Very Slow.

"Put on your gloves, your high silk hat, Them blue silk sox And your ce-

rise cra-vat. Don’t for-get to spray some per-fume on your hair, And
\textit{y}'.

\begin{quote}
\textit{ev-ry bod-y'll hol-ler "Ain't that kid a boar!" Put on your pat-ent
\textit{leath-er boots, Slip on that nois-y stri-ped suit, We'll
\textit{go au-to-mo-bil-ing, And we'll get that speed-y feel-ing, Slip your
\textit{glad rags on and come with me!"
\end{quote}

\textit{Put me!"}